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NOTES



JOURNEY FROM BERNE TO ENGLAND, THROUGH FRANCE.

MADE IN THE YEAR 1796.

By M. D.

AT the beginning of our travels, my dearest Mr. Douglas, you desired me to keep a Journal; a request I complied with, because you made it; though convinced of its being a work of supererogation, considering you was engaged in the employment, and for ten thousand reasons so much better qualified to execute it. The kindness of your motives, however, which I knew were to awaken my attention and find me occupation, forced my compliance; and your desire that our observations should not be disunited, is the reason of their now appearing together.

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AFTER spending the winter at Ratisbon, the dreariness of the surrounding country determined us to quit it early in the spring, and we accordingly fixed our departure for the middle of May. We executed our design, though not without pain, from the affectionate regret expressed by our friends and acquaintance; and that we ourselves felt at leaving persons whom we loved, liked, or esteemed, without foreseeing when and where we should meet again; our intention being, if peace did not open us a passage to England, to spend the ensuing winter in Italy. My health, which had suffered during the winter, found the usual benefit from travelling; and the summer spent at my favourite Berne completed the cure, notwithstanding the anxieties of mind I suffered, owing to the situation of the Continent. We found Switzerland in a very doubtful state as to the possibility of retaining its neutrality; the French began to over-run Italy; it was soon clear we should not be able to go there; and the news we heard from Germany seemed to threaten that country becoming equally impracticable.

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Our minds grew daily more and more anxious; the health and spirits of my beloved husband became affected by it; he saw, and at last confessed to me the danger we were in, of being shut out of England, surrounded by the French, without means of obtaining money for our subsistence; all communication between our own country and the continent being stopt. The situation was truly alarming, and drove me to a step which I then considered, and still consider as desperate; consenting to go by Hamburgh. I was and am convinced, that many days spent on the sea, would, from sea-sickness, materially and lastingly affect my health; but in the situation we were, no step was free from danger, and terrible as a sea voyage would have been to me, it was better than being in the midst of war and bloodshed, or exposed to want the necessary means of support in a foreign land. My dear Mr. D——, however, well knowing the miseries which would attend me in the journey by Hamburgh, was determined to make one bold effort to save me from it. He had during our residence at Ratisbon endeavoured, by application to the Prussian Minister at Paris, to obtain leave to pass thro' France, for the purpose of embarking at Calais; the minister gave for answer,

that being certain the request would not be granted, he did not chuse to expose himself to a refusal. On our arrival in Switzerland, Mr. D—— applied to Mr. Barthelimi, who also told him the permission was unattainable.

Desirous, however, if possible, to save me the horrors of a long sea passage, my ever kind husband resolved to apply immediately to Charles de la Croix, *minist^r des relations exteri-
eurs*, for the permission he so much wished to obtain; which became every day more and more necessary, as the French were making hourly progress in Germany. The letter to Paris dispatched, Mr. D—— left me to go to the baths of Loëches, his health being in a kind of uncomfortable state, which made it necessary he should do something to improve it. Our separation at this time was peculiarly painful; my mind being equally harrassed with fears and anxieties, whatever might be our destination. To pass through France was an undertaking not to be looked forward to without apprehension; but I confess, in my own mind, I preferred whatever danger might attend that, to the consequences I apprehended from long protracted sea-sickness. To add to my uneasinesses on my own account, I felt the utmost anxiety
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for Madame de Biolay and little Mary, whom (as had peace permitted us, we should have returned to England thro' Germany,) we had left at Ratisbon, and who seemed in danger of encountering the French in that town, and being by their progress prevented joining us. All these doubts and difficulties I had to combat with during Mr. D——'s absence, and shall never think of these painful moments without gratitude to the tender unremitting friendship of Madame Herbort, and the consoling calmness, composure, and friendly advice, and encouragement of professor Ith, without which I must have suffered still more than I did, from my distressing situation. A few days before Mr. D——'s return, a letter arrived from Paris, granting us the desired permission in the handsomest manner. I confess the certainty of having to engage in so perilous an undertaking, required a stronger resolution than mine to meet it undaunted. It cost me a two days fever; but from that time my mind became composed, and was never materially disturbed after. Throughout the accomplishment of this undertaking, the calmness of my own mind surprised me; nor could I but feel grateful to the Almighty, to whom I hope it will not be thought presumption,

tion, if I own I could not help often ascribing the courage with which I was enabled to perform this perilous, but necessary journey.

I immediately wrote to Ratisbon, desiring Madame de B. to join us with Mary, as soon as possible, and had soon after the happiness of seeing my dear Mr. D—— return from Loëches improved in health by the waters, and in spirits by the permission from Paris. To enjoy one anothers society, a little while uninterrupted, we obtained leave to reside at the Isle de St. Pierre a few days, and went from Berne for that purpose shortly after his return. This Isle de St. Pierre is a beautiful island in the lake of Bienne; it is well wooded, commands charming views of the lake, and the country about is studded with numberless little towns and villages, close to the water's edge, and uniting sublimity with beauty, by having the magnificent range of snow mountains seen from Berne, full in its view. The natural beauty of this place well deserves a traveller's notice, which I think I have heard however that it seldom obtained till Rousseau made it his residence. He was obliged to quit it by order of the government of Berne, to whom it belongs, and from that time no one can sleep there without special permission, even for a night.

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It is certainly a lovely retirement, and was thought so much so by R——, that he offered to enter into an engagement never to write any more, if he might be permitted to remain there. I am apt to think, however, that he would have repented of his bargain, since tho' it is certainly a lovely solitude, that without employment must become irksome, and the island is too small to allow any extent, or variety of walks to its inhabitant. Here the admirers of R—— feel and indulge all the enthusiasm of fancy, and so far have some pushed it, as to invoke or expect him, nay fancy he appeared to them, (especially if they had the luck to sleep in the particular room he inhabited) which fancies have even given rise to some very ridiculous scenes. As to my unworthy self, who can not feel enthusiasm for the ingenious disguiser of vice, in the colours of virtue, I confess, tho' I inhabited that very room, I had no visions; nor did my thoughts dwell otherwise on R—— than to lament over the unfortunate man, who with fine feelings and fine talents, derived nothing from the first but distress, apprehension and mortification; and chiefly employed the last in confounding virtue and vice, so as to leave them hardly distinguishable; thereby doing more mischief in
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the world, in spite of all his partizans can say in his favour, than those who perhaps meant not so well as himself.—Having enjoyed ourselves here for the time allowed us, we returned to Berne again to reside for a few weeks previous to our journey thro' France. On our arrival at Berne we were most agreeably surprised by the sight of Joseph, the servant we had left at Ratisbon with Madame de B——, who called out to us the moment we were within hearing—‘we are all arrived safe and well.’ We immediately went to congratulate Madame de B—— on the good success of her spirit and courage; for it required much of those qualities to come from Ratisbon when the French were every moment expected in Switzerland; it not appearing by any means certain she might not fall in with the French army, which, in fact, arrived at Constance the next day after she left Bregentz. Thanks, however, to her well judged resolution, all the family was once more safely reunited, and ready to proceed together on the intended journey. I have already said so much about Berne, that I can add nothing more, except, that the longer my residence, the stronger became my attachment to it and its delightful environs. Far from losing its charms
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by being accustomed to them, every day and every walk produced some new scene of majestic or rural beauty ; and I still retain the partiality which led me to say, in a former part of my journal, that for health and pleasure, Berne would be my chosen residence.

It became, however, necessary to enter on our arduous undertaking, and the 27th of August was fixed for our departure. I left Berne with my usual hope of some day seeing it again, which I wish from attachment to the place, and grateful regard to friends, who proved themselves such to me at a moment when I most wanted support and consolation, which my best friend was not at hand to give me. As, notwithstanding my frequent visits to Switzerland, I had never seen the Pais de Vaud, Mr. D—— kindly chose that road to France, by which means I received great pleasure from the lovely lake Lemane (or lake of Geneva) and the enchanting situation of Lausanne. From Lausanne we had a beautiful drive by the side of the lake to Morges, where we breakfasted very pleasantly with Madame Moret, the favourite sister of my friend Madame Muller, and from thence proceeded to Nyon, where we were to rejoin Madame de B——, who went there before us, to

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visit her family and friends. Mr. D—— took a trip from thence to Geneva, which I declined sharing, on account of a bad cold which I did not wish to take with me to France.

I remained therefore at Nyon, every day hoping to behold Mont Blanc, which I am told is seen finely from thence; but my hopes were vain, as the weather was thick and rainy all the time of my stay, and totally prevented my seeing any of the beauties belonging to the situation of Nyon. Mr. D—— returned from Geneva the 2d of September, and the next morning we set out for France. My mind was tranquil, yet, I own, fully and solely occupied with the undertaking, till forced to admit other ideas and sensations to share it. On stopping before Mr. Reverdil's door, the friend with whom Madame de B—— was staying, whose lady (one of the most interesting and elegant women I have seen abroad) I had become acquainted with, and who acts the part of friend and mother to Mademoiselle de Biolay, a very interesting girl of fourteen years of age, whom the harsh necessity of domestic misfortunes has forced her mother to quit, to seek in a foreign land some means of benefitting her family.

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We did not intend to stop, but an addition of horses to the coach, on account of passing Mont Jura, obliged us to remain just behind it whilst that was done. On the threshold of the door stood the interesting daughter, pale and motionless, with a handkerchief in her hand, ready to wipe the silent tear, had any fallen; but her sensations were, I believe, beyond the power of tears, which at all events the fortitude she has learnt from her mother, both by precept and example, would have led her, if possible, to withhold; though close to the coach-door, she ventured not to approach it, nor did the distressed mother trust herself to look out at her heart-affecting child; at length, to my great relief, the coach moved slowly on, and we immediately followed.—My mind was now divided between two painful, though different, sentiments, which however were much alleviated by the fine scenery amongst the mountains of Jura. I shall not pretend to describe them, having already mentioned so much of this kind of scenery, which, though each journey through mountains affords, in reality, a different appearance to the eye, can only be expressed in writing by nearly the same words. After several hours spent in winding amongst these mountains, we

reached, in the midst of them, the French Bay-riere. It was a lone house, in a bleak and dreary spot, and tho' wild, had no tincture of sublimity to engage the mind; mine therefore was at full leisure to feel the serious importance of the moment, and tho' *unagitated* felt an impression of assumed resolution, when the carriage stopt, and we saw for the first time the French in their red and blue caps, (the original *bonnet rouge* being now exploded) and were desired to walk into the house. I got out in silence, and followed where the master of the house led me, which was into his own room, amongst his family. I soon saw, fear was perfectly unnecessary; we were treated with great civility and good natured attention, by all.

The examination of our passports and baggage was a long business, during which Madame de Biolay and I chatted with the women of the house, who insisted on giving Mary some soup, which was on the fire. Finding that we delayed their dinner very much, I tried for some time, without success, to persuade them to dine; at length they consented, pressing us much to share their meal, which was truly social, as they all appeared in perfect harmony with each other, and one or two guests who were there. They addressed

dressed one another by the title of *citoyen*, and *citoyenne*, and we sat with them very comfortably till all our business being dispatched, we proceeded with hearts very much lightened by our reception, which seemed a kind of earnest of our safety. A little way further we were stopt again, for a few minutes, by some soldiers stationed as a guard to the frontiers. They looked shabby and glum, and I believe sneered at us a little; however they respected our passports too much to give us any disturbance, and we continued our way to Morey, a small town, romantically situated at the foot of the mountains, watered by a little river. We found here a good inn, and excellent accommodations. This being the first French town we had entered, we could not but look about us a little, to see whether the French in a body would treat us as civilly as a single family, in a remote situation. We had nothing to complain of, and the curiosity excited by our two loaded carriages, which stood in the street, was no more than would have appeared any where else on a similar occasion. The evening was cold, we had a fire kindled, and spent (what a few months before I could not have believed possible) a comfortable evening in France. Next morning we resumed

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our journey, and our minds being at ease concerning our safety, we had leisure to observe the state of the country, &c. We were still amongst the mountains, every part of which, that could at all admit of cultivation, was highly cultivated. We slept at a little place called Champagnolle, where we had bad accommodation; it not being a place to stop at, except from the necessity arising from travelling by Voiturier. We continued our journey next morning, dined at Poligny, and slept at Dole. Our road to Poligny was for the last part over a tremendous part of mount Jura, the steep descent of which would at any time have been alarming, even when the road was well kept; but having been, I suppose, intirely neglected since the revolution, it was almost impassable; our horses were all taken off except a pair, the coach was held up on each side; but that not proving sufficient security, a rope was fixed to the top of it on each side, and held tight by two men, and thus it at length reached the bottom of the mountain in safety. It is almost needless to say we all went on foot, yet I did not entirely escape fear, as may be supposed, when I add that from the perpendicular descent, and the horrible state of the road, I expected every moment to see the horses, driver, coach,

coach, and men attending it, roll down the mountain in horrible confusion. We dined at Poligny, and proceeded to Dole; the country continued highly cultivated, the people looked comfortable, and were very good humoured and civil. Here and there a defaced chateau gave rise to melancholy reflections, which were relieved however by a number of neat snug cottages, some finished, some building; which conveyed an idea that the lower ranks of people, now freed from oppression, were beginning to enjoy the comfort of secure property. However consoling this idea might be, a melancholy reflection could not but at times obtrude, concerning the unfortunate owners of the dilapidated chateaux, who, though many of them might have been the oppressors of their inferior neighbours, were doubtless some of them the resource of poverty, and the supporters of honest industry. Popular commotion however made no distinction, and every great house bore marks of its fury. Some churches, all saints and crosses without exception, bore the same marks of the people's indignation. We arrived towards dark at Dole; this was the first great town we had entered, and our attention began again to awake to our reception. After a slight examination

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nation at the gate, we were allowed to proceed to the inn. We ordered tea, and sat in quiet expectation of the coach, which being heavier than our carriage, often arrived a little later than we.

This time however we expected, and expected in vain, for a good while; at last our family joined us, and our female servants, with pale and terrified faces, told us they had been arrested in the street, and frightened to death. We remained in much alarm, till Madame de Biolay, whose presence of mind never forsakes her, informed us that one of the centinels at the entrance of the city, insisted on the passengers in the coach being examined at the municipality, before they went to the inn. The inn was at the further extremity of the town, which was very long; our driver, fearful for his horses after the fatigue they had that day undergone, entreated permission to follow us to the inn, where every satisfaction should be given the municipality concerning us. This would not content the centinel, who ordered out a file of soldiers, whom he placed with their bayonets presented at the head of our horses. Madame de Biolay on this got out, discoursed the soldiers, and the people, who by this time surrounded the carriage,

riage, and at length obtained permission to proceed to the inn with the carriage, leaving one of the servants to go to the municipality, who soon after joined us, and comforted us with the intelligence, that all the difficulty was obviated. We supposed this business ended, but our tea was not over before one of our servants came up to inform us, that the commanding officer and the chief of the municipality desired to see Mr. D—. I confess their visit rather disturbed me, however, Mr. D—— desired they might be shown up, and I put the best face I could on the business, being convinced, as well as Mr. D——, that the surest way to avoid unfavourable suspicion, was to appear totally unembarrassed. Our two guests entered, and we had soon reason to be much pleased with their visit; its purport being to apologize for the behaviour of the centinel, (who it seems was in liquor,) to express regret at our carriage having been molested, and to say that the cause of it was in custody, awaiting whatever punishment Mr. D.—— should require as a satisfaction. It may be supposed, this polite attention had the thanks it deserved, and that Mr. D—— required nothing but the release of the imprisoned soldier. The politeness of our visitors went so far as to decline

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seeing our passports, which Mr. D—— offered to show them. *Non citoyen, (said he) nous ne voulons pas que vous pensiez, que nous sommes venus examiner vos passeports, quand nous ne venons que pour vous faire des excuses sur le desagrément que vous avez éprouvé dans notre ville.* They withdrew and left us to admire their politeness and enjoy the security it gave us. Next morning we proceeded through a country bearing the same appearance as that we passed the preceding day to Auxonne, where we dined.

In this town we excited much curiosity. The inhabitants gathered about our carriage, which stood in the street, to examine it minutely; on seeing which, Mr. D—— mixed immediately in the crowd to converse with the people. Some one said, the carriage is either of Paris, or London make; it was made in London, said Mr. D. we are English, passing through France by special permission. I am going immediately to Paris, where I shall wait on Monsieur de la Croix.

All this was literally true, and by no means intended to deceive, yet it put a false idea into the people's heads, which was perhaps advantageous to us. They fancied Mr. D—— employed to open some negociation between France
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and England. This I discovered by the conversation of some persons under the inn window, which finding it concerned us, I thought myself, circumstanced as we were, authorised to listen to. 'They are English (said one of them,) How do you know?' The gentlemen told me so himself. There is certainly some negociation on foot for peace; this Englishman is going to Paris to the citizen la Croix. It must be on some such business. For who would travel through our country who could help it? Every body supposes we are cutting each others throats, and murdering every one else. After dinner we proceeded to Dijon. Our inn was dark and uncomfortable; the people belonging to it looked discontented; it had the appearance of having been in a more flourishing state, but the inn and a certain something in the inhabitants of this great town, seemed to indicate that Burgundy was not near in so comfortable a state as Franche Comtè, through which we had hitherto travelled. Our plan was to have left Dijon early in the morning, but we soon found that was impracticable, as we were under a necessity of identifying our passports, at the municipality next morning, which we could not do till ten o'clock; we therefore settled to take an early dinner, and

continue our journey in the afternoon. Dijon is a handsome town, its streets good, and full of large shops; but the whole had an air of silence and melancholy dejection; the countenances of the people seemed oppressed with dismal retrospect on the past, or gloomy suspicion of the future. We proceeded to the municipality, where, as at the barrier, the examination of all our passports detained us a good while; which on the whole was no disadvantage, as it gave us an opportunity of observing the various persons who came to and fro, whilst we were there, to seek passports. We were shown into a large room surrounded with shelves filled with band boxes, on which were marked the different subjects of the papers therein contained. At each end of the room was a bureau, at which sat one man, who gave out and examined passports. When we entered there was no one in the room but ourselves, except these two men, and an old man who was waiting at one end of the room. After our passports and ourselves were examined, we were detained some time whilst they were carried to another room for further inspection. In the mean while various persons came for passports, to different parts of France.

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All looked dismal ; one elderly woman in particular, with whom I ventured to enter into a little conversation, attracted my attention by a look of poverty in her dress and meagre form, which seemed however to disguise a person who had seen better days. She talked to me with some remains of French sprightliness, and received very good humouredly several jokes, relative to the description of her person, from the man who was taking it. As we talked, I mentioned the terrible road over Jura to Poligny, and that I had been obliged to perform it on foot ; ‘ that is very trying and hard,’ said she, to people of weak health and unaccustomed to go on foot.’ From this time she became thoughtful, and I saw her clasp her hands together whilst the tears rolled down her cheeks in a distress, which she would have gladly concealed. An idea that she might be the mother of a young man, for whom Mr. D— and I are much interested, and who we knew to be in a similar situation, and probably at that time on the move, affected me extremely. I would have given much to have questioned her, but dared not ; the particular idea however which affected me was cleared away, by her saying she was going to see a daughter in Franche Comté ; a
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circumstance which could not belong to the person I supposed she might be. Her business dispatched, she took leave of us with much civility, but the same air of distress above mentioned, which she had vainly tried to conquer.

Our two officers of the municipality, now began to amuse themselves with the figure of the next object they had to describe (an exact description of every ones person being absolutely essential in a French passport.) He is quite a beauty, says one; Oh! a perfect Cupid, added the other. In the mean time the person in question entered the room. It was the same old man who was waiting when we arrived, and whose business had been postponed for ours. The conversation previous to his appearance, led me to examine him particularly, which I did without being able to find out the least grounds for any thing, but an involuntary kind of respect; which sentiment soon operated on the people who were before disposed to laugh at him, and silenced all such inclinations. He was old and grey headed, his countenance grave, his walk firm, as was his voice and mode of answering all questions put to him. His cloaths bore every mark of poverty, except rags; he had a coarse travelling sack thrown over one shoulder, and a strong
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stick in his hand. Having declared his name, and where he was going, he was asked what was his ordinary occupation? ' Begging, said he, I lived comfortably on an employ I had under the ancient government, but since the revolution I have lost all, and I beg.' What are you going to—for? ' To conduct two young men belonging to respectable people of the town, who have never been from home. Their parents know me, and trust them to my care with confidence.' I wish, said I, you had a better maintenance than begging. ' I do pretty well, answered he, I find many kind souls who assist me, and I live by the charity of good people.'

Mr. D—, who had been talking with the officer at the other end of the room, turned to us as these last words were spoken. Well, said he, that I may be enrolled amongst good people, pray take this—giving him money. The old man started and thanked him by a low and expressive bow.

The recital of his situation and misfortunes, he had given in a firm tone of voice, and with an unchanged countenance; but an unexpected and unsolicited act of kindness he could not bear unmoved. Tears stole, in spite of manly efforts to conceal them, down his venerable
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cheeks, and turning from Mr. D—— he whispered me in a low and broken voice, ‘ May God long preserve him! for I see whenever he dies, the unfortunate will loose a friend.’

I could not help saying, I hoped in time his situation might mend, as France became more tranquil. ‘ Hope, said he, is the only thing left us: my chief consolation is religion, and resignation to the will of God, that can soften every thing.’ His countenance as he said this, resumed its firm serenity, and he continued to converse with me, telling me, amongst other things, he had a daughter in England. How gladly would I have asked her name, address, and conveyed intelligence to her concerning her respectable parent; but, alas! circumstances laid an imperious embargo on all such indulgence. Our business was finished, and I was forced to leave this venerable old man with a mind highly impressed with esteem, for his interesting fortitude, and the christian religion on which it was founded.

During our stay at the municipality we heard a prodigious bawling in the hall, and a person said something in a low voice, to the man near whom I sat, who answered ‘ Yes, yes, it is the poissarde.’ As we quitted the house we found
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this same poissarde making the most horrible uproar in the street. Mr. D—— has given so true a description of this odious creature, that I shall only say she served, by forming the most striking contrast with my old friend, to illustrate the immense difference between virtue and vice. It was, tho' a detestable sight, some gratification to my curiosity, to see one of the horrid race of women, who figured so shockingly in all the bloody scenes transacted at Paris. She complained most outrageously of being treated roughly at Dijon, repeating *quoi a Dijon, a Dijon, a la municipalite de Dijon!* what I have since learnt of Dijon, leads me to suppose she had been concerned in scenes of blood and horror in that very town, where she now met the treatment she deserved; having been put in prison and afterwards ordered to depart.

We left Dijon immediately after dinner, and on conversing with Mr. D—— in the chaise, I found from his observation and various hints he had picked up from talking a little with persons he had encountered about the town, that the revolution had been much more severely felt here than in any part we had yet traversed. We slept at Pont de Panys; the next night carried us

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to Maison Neuve, a comfortable inn, the people civil to us, but gloomy in themselves and apparently discontented.

The further we advanced in Burgundy, the more we became spectators of the horrid devastations of the revolution. The roads became bad, particularly at a village called Rouvray, in our way from Maison Neuve, they were too bad to admit our passing them safely in the carriages; we therefore went on foot, wishing more than hoping that our chaise and coach would not be broke to pieces. They got over however without accident; we remounted, and dined at Cussy les Forges, the most cut-throat looking village that can be conceived; the looks of the people of the house, giving one an idea, that extreme poverty and wretchedness might lead them easily to robbery and murder, to relieve it. It need not be said we got from here the moment we could; and we arrived to sleep at a remarkable neat inn, at Lucy le Bois. The mistress of the house told us, she had shut up her house three years, and withdrawn herself from thence, and that she had just ventured to open it again; she wished much for peace, which is in truth the universal desire every where. This village, or
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little town, was neat, the cottages comfortable, the children clean, and the people civil and good humoured. This was not the general case in Burgundy; no one molested us, but in general the people looked sulky, the cottages wretched, and tho' they let us pass quietly, they sometimes called us aristocrats, saying we should find how we should be looked on at Paris. In Franche Comte, the carters made way civilly for the carriages, in Burgundy never. It is a small circumstance, but serves to shew the different temper of the two provinces. Nothing could be more melancholy than travelling through Burgundy, over magnificent roads bordered with fine avenues of trees, formerly well paved; the pavement now quite in ruins, with the grass growing between the broken fragments; no way left for a carriage to pass, but by a narrow bit of the side road, whilst every few miles brought to view fine chateaux, all in the most deplorable state; the windows and doors torn out; the roofs destroyed, whilst the well conditioned appearance of what still stood, brought to mind, (could one for one moment have forgot it,) that it was the hand of outrage and violence, not time, which had produced the

ruins. Every enclosure of grounds or gardens, was laid open by breaches made for that purpose in the surrounding walls, the fragments of which remained scattered on the spot; every church was reduced to the same state as the chateaux; crosses lay broken and shivered to bits, in the spots where devotion had formerly placed them; and every face seemed to have done or suffered something terrible; and to look forward with a dark eye of suspicion, to what might next happen. The scene was shocking, and however wrong the leaders of the emigration may have been, in quitting their country, the sight of their ruined habitations could not but affect deeply, any persons so well aware as we are of the miseries, their innocent and often highly meritorious families suffer in foreign lands. In the midst of these reflections, we arrived at Auxerre, beautifully situated on the banks of the Yonne. Our inn was on the river side, with only the road between them; the opposite bank was ornamented by a little grove of Lombardy poplars; and a handsome bridge, over which we had passed, contributed to embellish the scene. Our pleasureable idea however received a most uncomfortable check on entering the inn, the master of which received us with hag-

haggard looks of meagre starving poverty, through which, a well bred polite manner showed he had seen better days. He conducted us to apartments delightfully situated, looking over the pretty scene I have mentioned, and which had formerly been truly elegant; but the damask hung in tatters about the beds and wainscots, the tables and chairs were tottering and worm-eaten; and so great was our wretched host's poverty, that he was obliged to borrow from his neighbours, plates to hold the bread and butter we eat with our tea. We were glad to exchange the melancholy interior of the house, for a walk on the banks of the river, and Mr. D—— being curious to look at the cathedral, we went into the town.

We saw here, as in the street facing the river, many handsome houses, but not one had any inhabitant, to whom one could suppose such mansions justly belonged; Mr. D——'s idea that the lowest servants had murdered their masters, and taken possession of their houses, seems to me the most descriptive of the appearance of Auxerre.

After viewing the formerly handsome cathedral, now defaced and going fast to ruin, Mr. D—— pursued his walk over the town with
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Mr. Geffner, and Madame de Biolay and I returned to the river side. On comparing notes we found the place and countenances of its inhabitants, had produced the same effect on the two parties; the gentlemen having traversed the streets in silence, not venturing to express their sentiments to one another; and we having performed our walk in the same manner, for the same reason. We were well pleased to quit Auxerre next morning, and still more to exchange the gloomy province of Burgundy for Champagne, where the effects of the revolution had not left near so strongly, the miserable traces of desolation, which so peculiarly marked every thing in Burgundy. As I have nothing to say of the journey through Champagne, except the names of the places, I shall pass them over in silence till our arrival at Montrou, two days previous to that in which we were to enter Paris. Tho' every where we had been civilly treated, I could not forget that our undertaking was perhaps hazardous; and tho' my mind was free from agitation, it became more and more serious, as we drew near a place which for the last years, one had heard of only with horror. It may easily be supposed this serious cast was not enlivened by one of our servants telling us, before

fore we went to bed, there had been disturbances at Paris. Luckily, he added, we should meet many troops next day on their march for Italy. This furnished my ever attentive husband with an argument to save me from terror, as he very justly argued, there could be no danger to the government at Paris, if they were then sending troops from the capital.

With this idea to compose me, I slept comfortably and next morning continued our journey, expecting every moment to meet the troops. No troops however came; I remarked it often to Mr. D——, who continually found some reason or other for our not seeing them; I began however to be seriously uneasy, till we stopt at Melun, where Mr. D—— told me with a cheerful, and perfectly satisfied look, that we had missed the troops only because they had taken another road. This satisfied me, and we proceeded after dinner to Villeneuve, where we slept, and from whence we sat out next morning for Paris; having previously dispatched our courier to secure us good accommodation. Mr. D—— and I conversed together on various matters, which hindered me from brooding over apprehensions, till we reached the barrier at the entrance into Paris. Here, almost beyond my
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hopes, my assumed resolution continued to support me, nor did I feel any way alarmed, when our carriage stopt, and our passports were examined; in truth, if I had, our examination passed with so much civility on the part of the officers, and the people seemed so little disposed to consider us with more attention, than every traveller with two loaded carriages must naturally excite, that it would soon have given place to curiosity, and the desire of observing as minutely as might be, every object around me. Our courier met us at the barrier, announced having procured us apartments at the Hotel de Philadelphie, and desired us all to keep our passports ready, as we might probably be stopt every ten minutes. Whilst our passports were examined at the barrier, I perceived that every creature whether on foot, or otherwise, who entered, was obliged to produce a passport. Parties of armed soldiers were traversing the streets in all directions, and every one seemed busy and bustling. The suburb by which we entered was long, narrow and dirty, inhabited by people whose countenances had a fearful expression, which led me to a suspicion, I for some time dared not ascertain by enquiry; till finding we passed quietly, I ventured to ask our courier
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the name of the place we were traversing. 'It is the Fauxbourg St. Antoine,' answered he, (the quarter which furnished most of the agents in all the horrors of the massacres at Paris; and which I had previous to our arrival, obtained a promise from Mr. D—— never to enter.) Here we were, however, and finding we were unmolested, fear gave way to curiosity, and made me more than ever attentive to the fierce and horrid countenances of the women, which were worthy the savage devourers of the hearts of the murdered; an act of horror they certainly performed more than once, during the massacres. The very sight of the children made one shudder, on recollecting what I have been assured is true, that the scattered limbs of those murdered by their parents, had served them to play with in the streets.

These horrible people, however, gave us no molestation, and I was rather glad that necessity led us through a quarter so famous, or rather infamous, which certainly I should never have seen by choice. In our way we passed a heap of stones, the only remains of the Bastile. In many parts of the streets was written in large capitals on the walls, *Liberté, Egalité, ou la Mort.* We saw several signs alluding to the state of

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the country, represented by a man on board a vessel just ready to sink, under which was written, *Esperance*.

The traversing the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, took us up a good while, as it is very long, and we drove slowly to keep pace with the courier, who walked by the carriage, with our passports in his hand, to answer all enquiries. At last we exchanged the Fauxbourg for the Boulevards; a most comfortable alteration, which exhibited, both as to the ^{place}~~local~~ and its inhabitants, a change of scene, for which one began rather to be impatient.

It was still a long way to our hotel, however as every thing we saw excited our observations, we did not regret the distance. The wall continued to hold forth *Liberté, Egalité, ou la Mort*, but *la mort* was frequently effaced. We saw one or two churches, on which and in some other places was written, ‘ *Le peuple françois reconnoit, l’être supreme, et l’immortalité de l’ame.*’ I was glad to read this; for I had suspected every creature in Paris, had been an atheist. An exhortation was written up in several other places, to respect the property of individuals, and to remember it was the fruit of their industry; as far as I can recollect, these
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were the words : *Citoyen respectez les biens et propriétés de ton semblable, songez que c'est le fruit de son, industrie.*

At last we reached our hotel; our host was an Englishman, long an inhabitant of France, and who had been above a twelvemonth in prison, during the time of Robespierre. As we went up stairs, ' You are arrived at Paris in a busy time, Sir, said he.' Mr. D—— seemed not to hear, but it did not escape me; I soon enquired the meaning of his words, and learnt from him that a conspiracy at the camp of Grenelle, very near Paris, had been discovered the day before; that Paris was at that moment in all the bustle of domiciliary visits, but that there was then no danger of disturbance, as the conspiracy was entirely known, and put an end to. Notwithstanding the concluding words, this information much disturbed me; I earnestly requested Mr. D—— to let us leave Paris next day; to which he kindly answered, certainly, if there was the smallest idea of risk; but that he was well assured all danger was now over.

I then found that from Montrou to Ville-neuve, he had travelled with a load of anxiety on his mind, which it required all the calm and spirited resolution, united to that tender affection

for me, so continually conspicuous in all his actions, to conceal.

He knew of this conspiracy, without knowing exactly what effect it had produced at Paris, or whether it was totally prevented; and had it not been so, we should have found the Directory (our protectors) and the greatest number of the Ancients and Five Hundred, murdered; the former scenes of horror revived, and Paris streaming with blood, to which, probably, our own would have been added. Yet what could be done; had we gone by another road, the Directory, supposing the conspiracy entirely discovered and subdued, would (as they knew we intended going to Paris) have supposed we had some hand in it, and finding it had failed, had gone sneaking some other way out of the country. In this case, we should certainly have been arrested. Mr. D—— therefore could only choose between this danger, and that of the horrid scenes which might await us at Paris. He wisely chose the latter; but I must ever admire, whilst I ever remember with gratitude, the cheerful composure he assumed, and by which he concealed from me a situation, the terrors whereof would, I think, had I known it, totally have overpowered me. At Villeneuve he learnt for certain

certain that Paris had resumed its tranquillity. He assured me repeatedly of this, when I had learnt more than he wished from the master of the hotel, desired me to compose myself, and dispatched a note to the minister La Croix, informing him of our arrival, and his wish to wait on him. A very polite answer was returned, but Mr. D——'s visit declined. This gave me a fresh alarm, and I begged we might leave Paris next day. To do so was, however, quite impossible. The section, before whom our passports were to be examined, was so much occupied they could not see us till eleven next day, and that was too late to leave Paris. I continued very uncomfortable, wishing to go, and regretting the seeming necessity of so doing. In the evening we had a visit from our banker, accompanied by Monsieur Levade, of Lausanne, who came to visit Madame de Biolay. They both, particularly Monsieur Levade, encouraged me to stay, assuring me that it was the safest moment possible for spending a few days in Paris. The government having received fresh force from having been able to suppress the conspiracy, and being more than ever watchful to secure the tranquillity of Paris, and their own safety, after so recent an escape from destruction.

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All this seemed so reasonable, that fear gave way to curiosity, and I began to wish we might have leave for a few days residence. At eleven o'clock we were all ready to attend the section, but were prevented as we were leaving the hotel, and desired to go at one ; at one we went, but after waiting sometime at the door, were told the crowd of people then at the section was so great, which indeed we saw, that we could not be received, and three o'clock was fixed on. Before three, however, we had another message, to say they could not receive us till next day, which was a fete; but that the officers of the section would come to us, as the office would not be open. With this we were forced to be content, tho' I confess I was anxious to have our passports examined, and a legal permission to be in Paris, for which Mr. D—— had applied to La Croix without having received any answer. Doubtful whether we might stay, and unwilling to leave any of the little time which might be allowed us unemployed, Mr. D—— prevailed on me to go to the Theatre. I had a short combat with apprehension, but on examining the state of my mind, I found my only way to remain in Paris with composure, was to occupy every moment in obtaining amusement

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or information ; for a vacant moment in Paris would inevitably have let in a train of reflections on my mind, which must have made a stay there insupportable. I consented then to go to the play and we proceeded to a very handsome Theatre in the rue Fedo, where we saw the Opera of *Telmachus*. At times the representation, which in point of scenery was very beautiful, amused me ; but the sensation excited by the consideration of being in a crowded Theatre in Paris, surrounded by people who had either been the victims, planners, or perhaps perpetrators of the horrors which had attended the revolution, and who (had the so lately discovered plot taken place) would probably two days before have been murdered, or committing murder, was of a kind not to be forgotten or diverted. Our own situation also could not but obtrude itself ; an English family in the midst of hundreds of French, our passports unexamined, and our permission to stay in Paris not yet granted.

I felt the full force of all this at the moment of quitting the Theatre approached. We got out however, and home, without any interruption ; and I went to bed with more of a wish to be permitted to stay in Paris, than a desire to leave it. The next morning we received
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another message from the section, saying, that tho' the office was not open, they would examine our passports, and that it would be better for us to go there. We went immediately, and our business was dispatched with the greatest readiness and civility. The unpleasant delays we had experienced were occasioned merely by the multiplicity of business arising from the increased caution, owing to the late conspiracy.

After our business was done at the section, tho' our permission to stay was not yet granted, I felt more at my ease, and willingly accompanied Mr. D—— to the Thuilleries. I was much struck with the magnificent appearance of the Louvre, which to my shame be it spoken, twenty years elapsed, since I was before in Paris, had obliterated from my remembrance. In truth this visit to Paris, and the one I formerly paid it, served by contrast to illustrate the great use as well as comfort, it is (at least to one of my disposition) to be connected with a person of sense, taste, and observation; who has affection enough for his wife to make her his chosen companion, from which she naturally acquires an attention to every thing that may make her more deserving the distinction. What I saw when I was at Paris before, passed away like a dream;
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of what I have seen in my late travels, I endeavour at least to retain some remembrance, to furnish pleasant subjects of retrospect and conversation, with my beloved husband, by our own fire-side. The gardens of the Thuilleries are highly ornamented by the quantities of uncommon fine orange trees which are placed in them, forming beautiful avenues greatly to their embellishment. This assemblage of orange trees consists of those amassed by the various pillages committed in the gardens of royal palaces and chateaux belonging to emigrants. On the top of the Louvre is the telegraph. Tho' its use and speedy mode of conveying intelligence, is, I find, well known in this country, I cannot help mentioning, that the news of Buonaparte's victory in Italy was conveyed to Strasburg, and, bravo, returned from thence, in seven minutes ! We walked up as far as the place de Louis XV, (now place de la Revolution ;) the scene of so much bloodshed, and where during the tyranny of Robespierre, forty or fifty people a day, for a considerable time, were destroyed by the guillotine. Whole families, fathers, mothers, and children, fell under the iron tyranny of this monster ; the shadow of a fault was not necessary to condemn them, as may be supposed, when an order being sent for the execution

of the Dutcheſs de Biron, it was obſerved, there were two ladies of the ſame name in priſon, and enquiry made which was to be executed ? ‘ Execute them both,’ was the anſwer, ‘ and there can be no miſtake.’ Old men oppreſſed by the infirmities of age, who from deafneſs were incapable of underſtanding their accuſation, had they been even permitted to defend themſelves, which was never the caſe before Robeſpiere’s horrid tribunal, were brought thither, and hurried to the guillotine almoſt without ſuſpecting it. All now was calm and quiet in the fine place de la Revolution; but in imagination, had I indulged it, I could almoſt have ſeen the unfortunate Louis and his unhappy Queen, falling victims to the guillotine, which finiſhed the royal carnage by freeing the exemplary Elizabeth from a life of ſorrow, and transmitting her exalted ſoul, to the reward which muſt await virtue and piety like hers. The meditations occaſioned by ſeeing the place de la Revolution, were not ſuch as one wiſhed to indulge; we willingly got into the carriage which waited for us, and returned home, juſt time enough to receive a viſit from Monſieur Garnier, a French gentleman, known to Madame de Biolay in Switzerland; where his opinions being in favour of the unfortunate

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Louis had forced him to take shelter during the time of Robespierre. How he contrives to live unmolested at Paris now, I know not; we, however, have reason to rejoice at it, as his kind attentions were of infinite use to us. We hoped to have found an answer from La Croix permitting our stay, but none was yet arrived. The next morning we had another visit from Monsieur Levade, who proposed to go with us to the Palais Royal, now Palais Egalité, the former residence of the detestable Egalité, *ci devant* Orleans. The gardens of this Palace were some years ago converted by him into streets of shops, coffee-houses, theatres, &c. The shops are full of rich and elegant goods of all sorts; at night they have a beautiful appearance, the whole being well illuminated and frequented as a public walk. It brought to my mind the fair on the place de St. Marc at Venice, at the time of the ascension; especially as it is the custom in both places, for ladies to go to the coffee-houses, for the purpose of taking ice. The morning we were there with Mr. Levade, he proposed to us to go to the —, a place there called the Lyceum. This Lyceum is a small Theatre, to which you get by descending a considerable flight of steps, it being under

ground. We found it however well lighted by a handsome sky-light; it was divided into pit, boxes and gallery. At the upper end of the room was a statue of the French republic, wearing the civic crown of laurel. Over her head hung the French colours, and over them was the following inscription in letters of gold ; *Vertu, Justice, Humanité, sans elles point de Liberté.* The room was quite full of people of both sexes, and all ages. This meeting is supported by subscription, and seems to have been planned by well disposed persons, to humanize and compose the sanguinary and agitated minds of the French, by encouraging arts, sciences, polite literature, and morality.

The business of the meeting was begun ; as we came in rather late, we heard only the concluding part of an essay on beauty, which was reading, but did not appear to contain anything new. After this an elderly man read a short piece in verse, recommending decency of manners and early sobriety to youth, (under an allegory of fruit) and inculcating the necessity of preserving the buds from injury, and patiently waiting its ripening. After this a pretty elegant young woman read an imitation of one of Gessner's Idyles, written by herself, with much applause.

plause. It was then announced that a certain schoolmaster and his scholars, deserved particular praise. The master for his judicious instructions to his scholars, and these for their attention and good behaviour. The names of the scholars who were present were mentioned, and a short discourse addressed to them, congratulating them on their first step towards fame, acquired by good conduct; and hoping that it would only prove an introduction to still greater degrees of merit.

The master was next addressed, and received thanks for his care of these children of the republic; commendation for only retrenching what might properly be retrenched in ancient systems, without running too much after novelties; and an exhortation to persevere in giving his assistance towards inculcating into the rising generation, decency, good morals, and all the qualities so necessary to rescue the nation from the miseries in which it had for some time been immersed. A catechism in verse for youth, to be used in the primary schools was next mentioned with high applause, some extracts read from it, and the author enquired for, to be crowned in recompense of his work. He could

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no where be found, and by his absence claimed additional praise for modesty, which was liberally bestowed. Several instruments, mechanical, &c, were exhibited, and some musical compositions performed by the composers. From hence we returned home, our kind conductor, Monsieur Levade, promising to call on us again in the afternoon, to accompany us on some further peregrination. Our conductor being arrived, we visited the Luxembourg, now the residence of the Directory ; walked a little while in the gardens, and went from thence to the Boulevards; not crowded now as formerly with elegant carriages, but very full of people sitting and walking out to enjoy the air. The next morning we visited a most elegant house formerly inhabited by a celebrated dancer; of which Mr. D—— has given a description so just, that nothing can be added concerning it. In the evening we went to the opera of Dido. Dull, as I think all serious operas, and not the better for being French singing.

The Playhouse was always the place where my own situation, and that of the people amongst whom I was, struck me most forcibly. Whatever amusement the Theatre may afford, there
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are moments unoccupied in which my mind has ever been accustomed to reflect (as it always does in a crowd) on myself and the persons surrounding me. No wonder then that this habit returned with more than usual force in the Parisian Theatres at such a moment. It did so every time I went to them, and sometimes an irresistible horror of the people and our situation so strongly took possession of me, that I resolved on leaving the Theatre, to press Mr. Douglas to quit Paris the next day. This however was only a momentary impression; my desire to indulge my own curiosity, and not to impede the gratification of his, got the better of my theatrical meditations, and I never mentioned them, even to him. My mind during the whole of our stay was never agitated by terror, but I never had time to reflect, that I did not feel as if at the foot of Vesuvius, after some dreadful irruption of which the groaning and smoking of the mountain seemed to threaten a repetition; nor ever went to bed, that I did not feel a few minutes serious apprehension of what might happen before morning. In these sentiments I was not singular, our friend Mr. Levade conversing one day with me, expressed his idea of the situation of Paris, by the very same simile
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of the volcano. To return to the opera of Dido, we rejoiced when it was over. The next morning, the fourth of our residence in Paris, no answer being yet arrived from la Croix concerning our stay, Mr. D—— went himself to endeavour to obtain one. He did not see the minister, but received a very polite permission to remain eight days longer in Paris, of which his journal contains the particulars. Our stay being now ascertained, we had only to make the best use of it, by seeing as much as possible. We went to the Assembly of Ancients, and that of the Five Hundred; saw the Pantheon, the gallery of the Louvre, the cabinet of natural history, St. Cloud, &c.

As Mr. D—— has given a particular account of all these places, I shall not enter into any detail concerning them, every one must experience the same sensations he describes, on seeing the plunder by which this gallery will in time be made one of the finest exhibitions in the world; and we, who from our residence in various places on the continent, during the last four years and a half of the revolution, have seen so much of the miseries endured by the emigrants, amongst whom the merits of some individuals attracted our intimacy and friendship, felt particularly
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the painful sensation of seeing their spoils amongst the variety of curiosities destined to embellish this noble gallery. Indeed the idea of my emigrant friends, particularly La Marquise de Louvois and La Marquise de Bombelles, with whom I had spent two winters in strict intimacy, often pressed painfully on my mind : I had taken a deep and tender interest in their concerns, was in regular correspondence with them ; but at Paris, in their own country, and in the midst of their family, I hardly dared to think of them, lest their names should escape me, and knowing them be imputed to me as a crime. In going to the Louvre, we passed by that part of the Thuilleries which the unhappy Louis inhabited, when the Swiss guards were massacred, and himself and family forced to seek shelter from the National Assembly, who gave it him in the *Temple*. Amongst other things, we went to the Palace, to have a view of the place where Robespierre held his horrid tribunal, to the place where the wretched Queen, worn out with grief, misery, and indignities of every kind, was dragged to hear accusations shocking to human nature, and from whence the heroic Elizabeth was hurried to the guillotine, on declaring herself, being asked the usual

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questions, who she was? 'Sister to Louis the XVI. and aunt to Louis the XVII.'

The evening of the day after, we went in company with Mr. Levade to see a very curious play, called *les Aristides Modernes*; exhibiting, we were assured, the modes and manners of the revolutionary tribunals, during the time of Robespierre.

Mr. D—— has very justly described the actors and audience; but words are wanting to describe the strange and mixed sensations excited in the mind, on seeing a set of people amusing themselves with horrors, which many of them had probably suffered from, or perhaps shared in performing, and that, not after a long calm and settled government had freed them from all apprehension of seeing these scenes renewed, but whilst each day was as likely as not to plunge them in the same calamities.

Every thing, however, which tended to place the reign of terror in the light it deserved, was received with extravagant applause; yet I could not get rid of an idea which struck me, that had the conspiracy of Grenelle succeeded, many a hand which was then employed in clapping, would perhaps have been grasping the dagger of assassination, and stained with blood. My
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mind was absorbed in horror, and when I got into the carriage, it required some exertion to rouse myself from the gloomy impression under which all my thoughts were struggling. Mr. Levade proposed to finish the evening by going to the Hotel de Richelieu, (now become a coffee-house) to eat ice. Directions were accordingly given to the coachman, who did not immediately understand the order, supposing the Hotel empty. Arrived at the Porte Cochere, our coachman stopt, and it was with difficulty Mons. Levade persuaded the Laquais de Place to open it, and the coachman to drive in, neither of them conceiving that this celebrated and elegant Hotel was become a Coffee-house. At last we entered the court, formerly crowded with the carriages of the first and most polished society of the age, now dreary and deserted; the doors of the Porte Cochere nearly creaking on their hinges, from disuse. We descended, and mounted the fine stair-case, lighted by one glimmering ill-trimmed lamp, past through two rooms in the same dreary state, then entered the Dutchess's bed-chamber, in which the bar of the coffee-house had taken the place of the state bed, from thence we proceeded to the drawing-room, which was well lighted, and appeared in all its

natural elegance of hangings, mirrors and furniture. Here our ice was brought us, and we all seated ourselves at a small round table, each indulging their own reflections, for the scene inclined us all to melancholy musing. There was no creature in the house but ourselves, and the people at the bar. We took our ice in silence ; that done, each professed a similar sensation, that of having improperly intruded into a noble house, and feeling an expectation that the owners would arrive and with great propriety turn us out of it. Such at least were the ideas of all except Mr. D——, who was more painfully employed in vain wishes for the presence of the lawful inhabitant, the Duc de Richelieu, a very amiable young man, known to him at Spa and Vienna; whom, whilst ~~traiteurs~~ have taken possession of his mansion, and the Republic of his fortune, is a comfortless wanderer in foreign lands, much to the regret of all who know him. Our meditations were at length interrupted by the entrance of two or three shabby looking men, who came to the coffee-house, they disturbed our reveries, and we immediately returned again through the empty rooms, and dreary stair-case to our carriage. I own I was glad to get home, to rest my body, which had been fatigued by the sensations of my mind.

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As I do not intend to encrease the bulk of this journal by details already better given by Mr. D—, I shall only add, we made all possible use of our time till it expired, and the day for our departure arrived. We took leave with affectionate regret of our friend Mr. Levade, whose merits and unwearied kindness and attentions to us, gave him a right to that title in a few days which in general time alone can, or ought to obtain. He promised to write to us from Switzerland, (from France it was impossible) and at some future day we hope to see him in the lovely Pais de Vaud.

In four days we arrived at Boulogne, and embarked next day for Dover, where we landed, after a good passage of five hours.

Thus happily terminated a residence of four years and a half on the Continent, undertaken by my dear Mr. Douglas for my advantage, for the improvement of my health, and the awakening my faculties from the benumbing power of habit, arising from the too great attention naturally paid by delicate health, and weak spirits, to little comforts, and conveniences; which when too strictly attended to, certainly contract all the powers of mind and body. Nothing, I believe, can so effectually counteract this, as travel-

travelling, and residing in different countries. If the traveller has the least spark of curiosity, or love of the beautiful and sublime in nature, it must be excited on the Continent, and can only be gratified by the sacrifice of what are called many comforts and by incurring many inconveniences, to which no inducement at home could be found sufficient for the indolence of delicate health to submit to.

With these views my beloved husband took me abroad, and I have to thank him every hour of my life for the experiment, which has succeeded beyond what I could have believed, and I hope to the extent of his expectations. But whilst I feel my heart glow with grateful affection to him for his tender and spirited exertions to promote my felicity, I cannot omit a tribute to the Supreme Giver of all good, who united us, and whose providence has protected and carried us through many difficult and dangerous situations, and permitted our safe arrival in our native land, free from the terrors of war and tumult. I can not be insensible to this blessing, any more than to many previous ones which have by various steps led me to as pure a state of happiness as this world can bestow.

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My residence abroad, though it has in some degree attached me to the Continent, not only for the beautiful and interesting objects it exhibits, but by the ties of gratitude, friendship, and esteem; has taught me also the intrinsic value of England, as to the superior felicity of its government, and the solid worth of its inhabitants, in which [though I am intimately connected with some characters abroad who can not be out-done by the virtues even of my country people] I believe ^{it} speaking generally, ~~it~~ to be far superior to every other nation in the world.

With these sentiments I can never be supposed to be an unworthy Englishwoman, though I confess private friendship and perhaps enthusiastic attachment to the beautiful and sublime of nature would make me experience a sensible regret did I believe myself for ever shut out from the Continent. The first truly gratifying emotion I experienced in England, was the sight of the H— family. My long affection for them made our meeting interesting to my heart, and the promising children with which I found them surrounded, was highly gratifying to me on more accounts than one; for unbounded as is my attachment, gratitude and love for my dear Mr. Douglas, it will never exclude from my grate-
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ful remembrance, the connection which first taught me, that a woman's surest happiness is to be found in a marriage with a worthy man who studies to promote it.

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